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JR.

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and to the Betterment of
Outdoor Recreation in Virginia*

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OCTOBER

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COVER: With the coming of cool October weather the snipe begin to pass through Virginia on their way to frost-free wintering habitat, although a few may linger where boggy spots are kept open by springs. The snipe shuns both the damp woods preferred by woodcock and sandy beaches where other shore birds gather. It finds its niche in low, damp meadows and grassy fields bordering marshes, ponds and streams, but always in the open. Our artist: William D. Rodgers, Jr., Daytona Beach, Florida.

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A Time to Enjoy

NOW is the time when one must go outdoors. It matters little where. Just go.

Now the land puts on its most colorful raiment, washed in equinoctial showers and dried under a gentle autumn sun.

A soaring hawk, wings set to unseen air currents, bores into the vast blue dome that is the sky.

Nearly grown bobwhites enjoy a dust bath, while flocks of lesser fowl move restlessly to and fro, and doves pass by on musical pinions.

A rotund woodchuck surveys his domain from a vantage point hard by his den.

On a partly submerged log a painted turtle is motionless, unperturbed by the wood duck foraging in the shadows at the water's edge.

A flock of weary geese plane in for half an hour's rest, then lift off to resume their journey, heading east southeast by south.

Bright rays slant through an enchanted woodland all scarlet and gold, while vagrant breezes whisper among crisp leaves and dry stalks.

As shadows lengthen a rabbit sallies forth to nibble clover, and a doe glides silently along a woodland trail.

There is a noticeable stillness now. Birds call, but seldom sing. The strident voices of insect hordes are muted. The urgencies of spring, and summer's prodigal growth, give way to autumn's satisfaction and fulfillment. This is the season for which the rest of the year was preparation.

Now the land beckons in all its maturity and splendor, and at its colorful best. Now one walks amid beauty, out of doors, and holding a golden leaf or shiny acorn one holds a bit of October in his hand.

This is the time when open spaces call, when woodland, meadow and marshland, and all the creatures that there abide, would be most missed if they should pass away. It is the season to enjoy, when the outdoor environment of man is best appreciated, when it offers most contentment and reward, and when the need to preserve and protect its quality is most easily understood.—J.F.Mc.

Favors Proper Gun Laws

BEING a native Virginian, I have grown up with a love for the outdoors. I have come to know and respect the "tools" of the sportsman and outdoorsman. Included in these "tools" are guns. I grew up respecting and using guns. Used properly and wisely they can be among the most enjoyable "tools" used by the average person. They can also be among the most deadly if they are used unwisely and improperly.

At the present time there is much conflict over present gun laws and there is even more conflict over the creating of new gun laws. Some of the proposed gun laws would not accomplish what is needed, but there are a few that fulfill the true need for a gun law. These deserve the support of every law-abiding citizen. They strike at the heart of the trouble, the criminals, the known troublemakers, and some juveniles. I will hasten to say that I myself am a juvenile, but I can see and realize the need for *proper* gun laws.

I am asking everyone to please examine *all* proposed gun laws. If you feel they strike at the heart of the trouble and are really good, or if you feel they are unfair and do not fulfill the needs, then write to your representatives in Congress and tell them so. They are the ones to get the right laws passed, and by writing to them you will be keeping the guns in the hands of rightful users, you the sportsmen and public, and out of the hands of criminals and maniacs.

Bobby L. Stanley, Jr.
Manakin-Sabot

Playful

WE have a large grove around our house consisting of oaks and nut-bearing trees. Of course there are quite a few semi-tamed squirrels, which disregard the home people but are shy of strangers.

It is my habit, when I arise, to go to the window and watch the squirrels playing in the trees and on the ground. A few mornings ago I beheld a sight that was entirely unique to me. In about a dozen feet of the house sat a half-grown rabbit and a young squirrel about two or three feet apart. While I watched they touched noses, leaped up and began to play.

I watched them for at least ten minutes. The squirrel seemed very anxious to have the rabbit climb the tree for he would playfully run to him and then run a little way up the tree shaking his tail expressively.

Finally they disappeared in the hedge. A day or two later the rabbit came back, but I think the squirrel must have found another playmate—at any rate he wasn't there.

Rebecca A. Winfield
Stony Creek

Odd Catch

AT dusk last night, while fly casting with a popping bug, I caught a *bat* in mid-air! On the hook it swam rapidly in the water and flew in the air. I could not shake him off. The bat put an end to our fishing, as we had to come ashore to remove it. A most unusual "fishing" experience!

Mrs. Richard T. Pratt
Port Royal

The Hunters

By JOHN MADSON, *Assistant Conservation Director
Winchester Western, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation
East Alton, Illinois*



A talk given during the 1967 NRA annual meetings. In 1965 Mr. Madson received the Conservation Education Award of The Wildlife Society. He holds a similar award from the American Association for Conservation Information.

IT'S no secret that a wave of anti-hunting sentiment is building behind the current anti-gun legislation.

Some of it is being directed by organized protectionist groups. Most of it stems from critics who don't really want to protect anything, but who feel uneasy about sharing society with men who shoot guns at wild animals.

I have never known a militant critic of hunting who really knew anything about hunting, and it's hard to talk to such a man. It's even harder when you're a hunter who doesn't understand himself—and most of us don't.

I am puzzled by the forces that lead me afield. But I am more mystified by the double-standard emotions of the anti-hunter.

I remember a raw December evening when I had just come in from a pheasant hunt. A neighbor was passing, and stopped to talk. She looked at the brace of rooster pheasants in my hand and said: "Oh, I feel so sorry for the poor things! How could you bear to shoot them?"

Before I dressed those birds that evening, I sat for a long time and looked at them. But my neighbor and I must have seen different pheasants. Try as I might, I could find nothing in those birds to pity.

They were splendid ring-necked cocks. Each had been the warlord of his own covert—smart, tough, bold and strong. They were birds of great integrity, thriving in our northern midwest under conditions that no other game bird today can endure in numbers.

I sat there and tried to relate those dead birds to human tragedy and failed. I didn't feel debased for having shot them. It had been a hard hunt, and the pheasants and I had conducted ourselves well. The events of the day had been closely woven into a fabric of action and response, and there was no place in that ancient fabric for kindly neighbor ladies.

Furthermore, I knew those pheasants far better than did

my neighbor, and had infinitely greater reason to respect them. I had felt no claim on those birds as I went to hunt them. My hunting license was a lottery ticket, not a coupon for goods receivable. My neighbor had just as much moral right as I to enjoy those pheasants, yet she had never chosen to exercise her option. Their actual existence was apparently a matter of indifference to her. She said she pitied them, but she would have been just as happy if there wasn't a pheasant in the world. I did not pity them, and even sought to kill them, but I would be bitterly unhappy if there were no more pheasants in Iowa cornfields.

Pheasants have always been a part of the spirit of place in my home country, and hunting them is part of the spirit of place, and perhaps my six-mile hunt through horseweed thickets and marsh edges was greater testimony to the value of those pheasants than was pity.

Yet, killing those pheasants or any other wildlife is basically indefensible in our time. The hunter can no longer rationalize a day afield with physical survival. He may condone his acts with talk of exercise, relaxation, or



Commission photo by Kesteloo

communion with nature. Yet, many sorts of outdoor excursions will fill those needs, and some do so even better than hunting.

But few can meet the need that so many men have for elemental competition and the ancient, basic tests of manhood. In its fullest sense, hunting is an atavistic game that bridges time and permits our plunging race to wistfully reach back and touch our racial childhood and the old toys of our youth.

(Continued on page 21)

REGULATION ROUNDUP

Few changes in this year's hunting regulations concern chiefly the taking of antlerless deer in certain areas.

HUNTERS who recall the pattern of last year's opening and closing dates for hunting deer, turkey, rabbits, quail and grouse will not have any trouble adjusting to this year's seasons which are substantially the same, but in some counties they will have to get used to some important changes in regulations permitting or limiting the taking of antlerless deer.

Hunters in Northumberland and Lancaster Counties will be able to include one antlerless deer in their bag limit of two deer during the season. Last year an antlerless deer could be taken in these counties only during the first five hunting days. In other Northern Neck Counties and in Essex, King William, King and Queen, Middlesex, Gloucester and Mathews one antlerless deer may be taken during the first two weeks of the hunting season. Last year some of these counties had a bucks-only season, and in some antlerless deer were legal only during the first 5 days of hunting. The more liberal antlerless deer regulations in these counties are designed to bring the deer population into better balance with the carrying capacity of the range and reduce crop and forest damage. An antlerless deer will be permitted on the first day in Fluvanna County, bucks only the rest of the season, with a two-deer season limit.

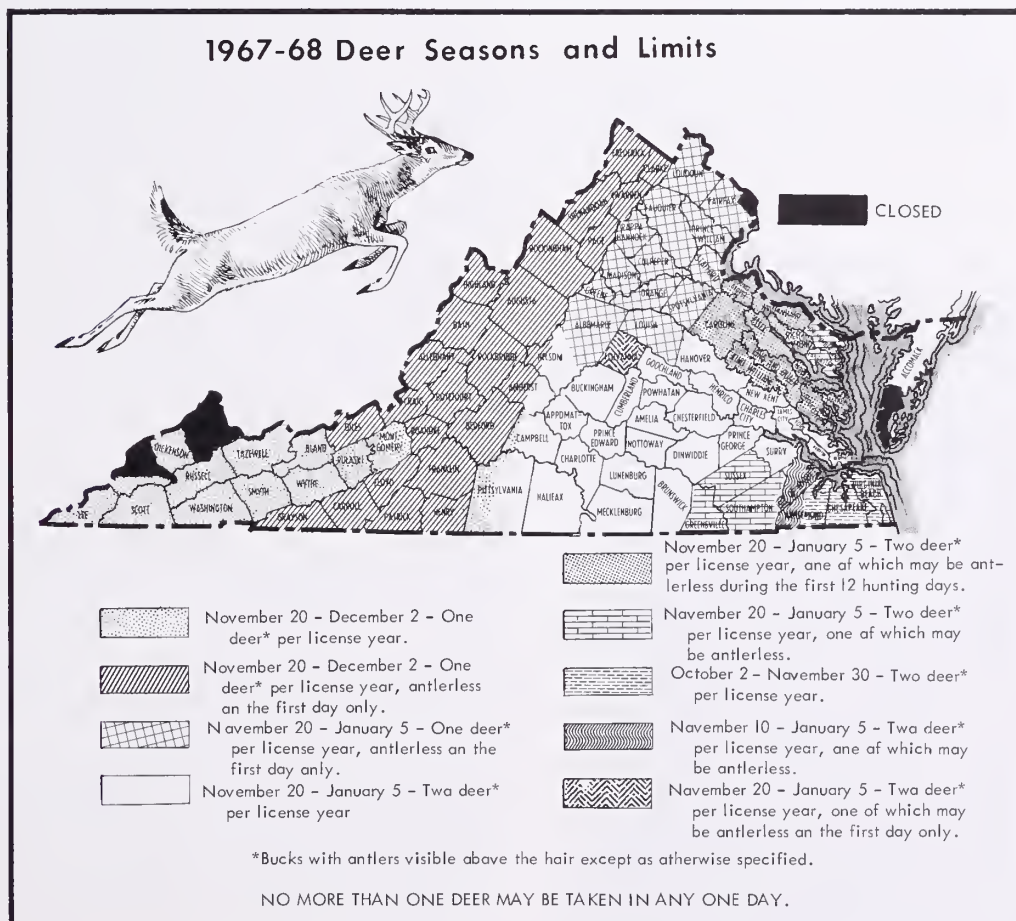
In that portion of Dismal Swamp area which has the special October 1-November 30 season, and which includes all of Virginia Beach and Chesapeake and eastern Nansemond County, the liberal antlerless deer seasons of the past few years have served their purpose of reducing excessive population and producing a much healthier herd of higher quality. The bucks-only season imposed this year should result in an increased harvest of high quality animals in the near future.

Hunters in Pulaski, Wythe, Bland, Tazewell, Smyth, Washington, Russell, Dickenson, Scott, Lee and that portion of Wise open to hunting, also will have a bucks-only season this year.

Bear hunting will open and close earlier this year in most western counties, but running the bruins with dogs will not be permitted anywhere west of the Blue Ridge during the two-week open deer season.

The seasons are set, and time is getting short. Let's sight in the rifle, break a few clay pigeons with the scatter gun, and walk a few miles to get the old body back in shape. For many of us it's been a long layoff—too long. Good luck, happy hunting, and above all a safe return. Don't let a hunting accident spoil it all.

(More 1967-68 hunting information appears on pages 14 and 15.)



SEASONS IN DISMAL SWAMP

By ULRICH TROUBETZKOY
Richmond

Autumn

FOR some 250,000 people, fall means hunting in Virginia. However, comparatively few of them enjoy the earlier bear and deer season in the state which is October 1-November 30. in the Dismal Swamp. Since this October 1 falls on Sunday, hunting will begin on the second.

The Swamp is also one of the few areas in tidewater where one can hunt with a rifle as well as with a shotgun, providing the rifle is used on a stand 15 feet high and at least 100 yards from any railroad or public highway.

Hunting in any Virginia swamp is, of course, quite different from hunting in sea islands, in tidewater or piedmont fields and woods, or in the mountains. (What a luxury of selections we have in Virginia!)

Hunting in the Dismal Swamp has certain other restrictions and special features. For one thing, most of the land in the Virginia part of the swamp is privately owned, principally by two large companies. There, hunting can be done only by members and guests of hunt clubs which have certain allotted areas and have assumed various maintenance responsibilities.

One cannot simply buy a state hunting license and a big game license and plunge into the Dismal Swamp. Permission from the owners is necessary even to visit it at other times of the year. For the protection of those who go in as well as for that of wildlife and the great stands of timber themselves, it is necessary to know who is in the swamp and for what purpose.

Therefore, if you do not live in the area and want to find out about hunting possibilities, get in touch with one of the local wardens, E. E. Walters, of Chesapeake, or S. B. Snead, of Suffolk. The Game Warden Supervisor of the

Hampton Roads District is W. S. Rountree, of Suffolk. Considering how little time indoors these men have for paperwork, it might be well to write a statement of your interest and say you will be telephoning to get further information.

Even within the swamp there are different ways of hunting various areas. Along the Portsmouth Ditch, stands between ditch and road are not going to seem very different from hunting elsewhere in tidewater. However, for most outsiders it is quite an unusual experience to cross Lake Drummond with a boat full of dogs and then take a stand, along one canal if you have a shotgun, or up high along another ditch if you have a rifle.

One of the most delightful of hunting weekends was spent with the Dewey Howell family at the Lady of the Lake Hunt Club which, as the photograph shows, is built out over the waters of the Lake at the heart of the swamp. There are a number of other such clubs around the lake.

After going to a football game at the Peanut Bowl in Suffolk, we drove in by jeep the night before the hunt, along Whitemarsh Road, Jericho Lane and Ditch, to Washington Ditch and the Lake.

Sunrise was worth getting up for. More people probably see sunset on Lake Drummond and it can be spectacular, but there is something misty and eerie and pearled about the sunrise that suits the legends and tall tales of the swamp even better. But we shall leave our collection of tall tales for winter, which is traditionally story-telling time.

On one visit to the lake, we had a very hard time rousing a well-known magazine photographer who wanted to get pictures of the sunrise. Mumbling and grumbling, he finally got dressed and, criss-crossed with camera straps, made it out onto the pier in time for the rising sun. By the time he came back in for breakfast, he was wide awake from cold and easily piqued by our suggestion that he was not used to seeing the sun come up. "In New York," he insisted, "I *often* see the sun rise when I'm on my way home."

If anyone gets his feet wet in Lake Drummond on the morning of a hunt, it is probably not one of the dogs. The dogs are loaded into the boat at the pier. However, since the water often is low at this time of year, the hunters wade along until a proper depth is reached and then climb aboard too.

Across the lake, the ritual is repeated. Hunters get out and dogs are given a ride to shore. Dewey Howell's dogs are well trained and have been building up their energies for these long exhilarating days in the difficult terrain of the swamp, when the hunters will be relying on their vitality and dependability—for hunters simply do not strike off into the swamp alone as they might into friendlier woods.

At least they are not supposed to. Every once in a while, of course, a hunter does get lost and, as Don Hill once put it in the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*:

A man can get lost . . . 10 yards from a road. . . .

He can put the sun at his shoulder and try to follow a straight line. Unless he's a swamper, a thicket will turn him, a cane-brake will trap him, darkness will overtake him.

About his only hope of being located by a plane or heli-

Despite the toll taken in past years by fire and disease, there are many whitetailed deer in the swamp.

Commission photo by Kesteloo





Hunter Garland Williams on a typical high deer stand in Dismal Swamp.

copter is to raise a spiral of smoke through that thickly woven wilderness. Even the swampers have a healthy respect for the swallowing swamp. We quoted in the spring article the warning of Earl Bass that after awhile "everything gets to look the same."

After we landed across the lake from the hunt club, the hunters gradually moved out along the ditches and dispersed to their respective stands. The woods became quiet and then started coming back to life, with the rustling of birds in thickets, the chittering of a nervous squirrel, a splash and a rippling "V" along the dark mirroring water, edged with ice.

After I had been up in my stand for an hour or so, I spied a mink swimming, although I could not be positive what it was until it slid ashore further down the canal bank. Very far away I could hear some of Dewey Howell's dogs. Every flickering sound in the woods began to sound like a deer, but after awhile I sorted out the sounds and became certain that something was moving through the woods in back of me.

As slowly and smoothly as possible, I moved my eyes and head to extend my view and waited. The occasional repetitious sounds continued, as though a deer were taking a step or two, then stopping to browse. Small as the sounds were, I imagined they were getting closer and bigger. Then it came, taking a step nearly into the open—and I almost laughed out loud at the late fawn that had sounded, through my excitement, like a big buck browsing his way through the brush!

Later on I did see a medium-size buck almost at the limit of my view down the canal and quite near what I thought was someone else's stand. Either the hunter had become impatient and moved off a bit or chance and instinct had made the deer cross at a point where he was not as visible to the nearer hunter as he was to me.

After awhile, I did hear scattered shots from the other locations, but all in all it turned out to be one of those days better for bird- and mink-watching than for big-game hunting.

However, there is usually a fair deer take in the swamp, although the bears certainly are far fewer and much smaller than they used to be. The deer, too, are reputedly smaller and sometimes are reported with deformed antlers, presumably the result of nutritional deficiencies.

After each hunt, there are less dogs, but with them and the hunters the same ritual of the boats is repeated. Then, on Sunday morning after our Saturday hunt, I went with Dewey Howell in a boat from point to point around the lake, gathering more of the dogs. As he approached a finger of land, he would call for the dogs and some of the laggards would appear, to ride home in the boat. Eventually, there were still a few unaccounted for, but Dewey seemed to have a pretty good idea where they might be.

A hunter who lives right at the edge of the swamp, at Yadkin, Bowers Hill, is Earl Bass, a descendant of the Nansemond Indians who, at the time of settlement at Jamestown, lived at the same location and were mentioned by Captain John Smith in his narrative.

According to Colonel William H. Stewart's *History of Norfolk County* (1902), these Indians, after the Peace of 1646, were allowed to own the land they then held. Stewart mentioned as names of families "who now reside thereabouts" the Besses, Weavers, Perkins, Brights and Prices.

Dr. Frank G. Speck, in *Chapters on the Ethnology of the Powhatan Tribes of Virginia* (1928) says "among the ethnological survivals here to be investigated the Nansemond preserve interesting information on bear hunting which is still pursued in the Dismal Swamp, and wolf-trapping, of which tradition has something to reveal. They also offer the usual amount of surviving agricultural lore, and some other topics under material culture, connected with hunting, fishing and the use of dugout canoes."

Dr. Speck went on to say that in the fall and early winter the Nansemond liked to search for fat, hibernating bear, "as, incidentally do most of the Algonkians." Also, he wrote, "to my own knowledge they have the custom of cutting off a bear's foot and fastening it over the house door; one reason being as a luck trophy. Another interesting hunting practice is . . . wolf-trapping by means of a pit."

Sixty-five years later, there are no more wolves in the Dismal Swamp, although other forms of trapping do go on, such as mink, muskrat, otter, and bobcat, which may be trapped between December 1 and March 10, so we shall talk about trapping in the winter article.

Hunting for bear in the swamp has changed since the
(Continued on page 8)

The raccoon is very much at home in the watery wilderness. A dog is hard put to follow his amphibious trail.

Commission photo by Kesteloo





Hunters must be wary where they step and how. A log bridge across one of the canals offers footing, sometimes creaky, sometimes slippery.

Autumn in Dismal Swamp

(Continued from page 7)

first Nansemonds went looking for the fat hibernators. Chief of the Nansemonds, Jesse L. Bass (1875-1960), the "Daniel Boone of Norfolk County," was said to have inherited his "instinct and prowess in hunting" from his grandfather, William Bass. Jesse's son, Earl Bass, fell heir to the same aptitudes and had them developed by hunting with his father, a master of the woods.

Incidentally, a relative of theirs, W. W. Weaver, who died at 84 in 1902, was reputedly the last speaker of the Nansemond language.

Jesse Bass and Earl hunted because they loved to hunt and, as guides, there was money to be made. Earl can tell some amusing stories of bears killed for "wheels" to take home to have mounted and turned into rugs to boast about.

Earl's family album may not have quite as many bear and deer as people, but certainly there are a lot of them. One huge bear weighed, he said, 509 pounds.

"We used to hunt them in the big timber and Polishtown used to be a great bear place. There was more food for them then. They're smaller now also because there is more hunting and they don't have a chance to get big."

The same, he added, was pretty much the story with the deer. "We kill a lot more now, but don't give 'em a chance to get any size. A deer has to get by as much as two or three years and then he'll grow. . . . Some of your bucks slip by. . . . Up in the high woods (outside the swamp) people won't turn dogs loose and they go three or four years. . . . When they live around fields, you get bigger, healthier deer."



Dogs are loaded into a boat for the trip across the lake where deer stands are located.

Photos by the Author

Of the many mounted deer heads in his home, Earl gestured toward an eight-pointer killed about five years ago which he said weighed 209 pounds. "We threw the cotton scales on him." However, he said the biggest recently had been running only around 140 to 160 pounds.

"Yesterday," he went on, "I jumped a deer and run him clear down to Polishtown. Then I stood on the ditch bank. Here come another pack running another deer. About 10 dogs fell on the deer and killed him."

Earl keeps up with his dogs. He drives the dogs and stays with them most of the time and pretty close, for, as he explains, after one or two miles a deer will usually make a circle.

In Earl's Yadkin Hunt Club, a hunter who misses a shot at a deer pays not only with the traditional shirttail, but also with a dollar toward a dinner later on.

There's a saying about getting lost in the swamp that "a squirrel dog will take you in; a deer dog will lead you out." Earl spoke of a man named Saunders who had been lost in the swamp. When he finally got home, he told of an old dog coming to him and leading him to the power line along Jericho Ditch. There are many such stories.

Years ago, Earl says he hunted mostly with doctors, lawyers and other professional men. "We didn't hunt no ordinary men then. Didn't do you like you do now nohow." The six to eight men he took hunting would kill about eight deer a season. "When we stepped it up to a dozen or twenty, we thought we were outstanding."

Earl likes to talk about his dogs. He has around 35 now, but used to have closer to 60. He calls the Bushytail Walker "a top dog."

"I don't care much for full stock—can't run over once a week." He says he likes a Black and Tan, a Walker, a Red-bone, because "you can keep 'em in to you and they won't file out." A Walker "will go 20 miles and stay out. He will lay down and stay a couple of days." Earl likes a Plotz-hound for bear, "not fast-running, but he'll get in and fight. Many cross 'em with Airedales. Keep him closed up or he'll kill hogs. He'll hunt your running deer."

Earl says it's harder to chase 'coon than deer, because a dog has to follow partly swimming, partly on logs. "Still 'coon dogs can get out there and run deer. Keep 'em separated."

He says he likes the snap of Blue Tick, "a good deer dog," and he has an old type Black and Tan crossed with a Walker. "Most of them come white. I was a small boy when daddy bought me one."

Joc Barnes, who went to the swamp with his family at age nine and lived there twelve years, says that before the Civilian Conservation Corps in Depression days cleaned out the Feeder Ditch, you could often find bear feeding there. You could see and hear them. Once he knocked one in the head with a pipe and another time caught a little one between his legs. He has had tame cubs, but later turned them loose.

Eagles are getting rarer than bear. "I used to set and watch 'em fishin'. They only caught what they needed. The osprey would sometimes fish for the eagle. I used to like to see him do that, but I hardly ever see one now."

One of the most unlikely visitors to the swamp during hunting season arrived at Deep Creek late on Tuesday, November 6, 1894, wearing, according to biographer Lawrence Thompson, "ordinary street clothes . . . a light overcoat; and . . . carrying a satchel."

It was a young poet named Robert Frost, despondent

(Continued on page 17)

A COLD wind blew across the commercial shooting preserve located in the western part of Virginia. It whistled through the picturesque old rail fences, rattled the yellow shocks of corn standing stately against the hillsides and rippled the surface of the pond where a duck played.

It was the kind of wind that is tough on dogs and hunters. It cast scent about in weird patterns causing dogs to work extra hard, and it stiffened the joints of hunters making them take a split second longer to shoulder their gun for a shot.

Frank Otey, Jr., owner of the preserve, a man with a lined and weathered face, was guiding me along a hillside where strips of milo had been planted.

It was a bright, crisp afternoon. There was summer in the sun, but it was completely dominated by winter in the wind.

Our dog was Lou, a spirited German short-hair pointer who loped across the hillside in and out of the milo with

against my face and pulled the trigger. The 20 gauge spoke, and the speeding bird exploded into a puff of downy feathers. Lou bounded off to make the retrieve.

On various other shooting areas of the preserve, each screened by natural boundaries, were several more sportsmen enjoying a successful hunt. There was a group of Virginia businessmen, there were three sportsmen who had flown down from New Jersey, and there was a local lawyer who arrived at the preserve about mid-morning, bagged eight quail and headed back to his office a little after noon saying, "I told my secretary that I'd be back by 2:00 p.m., and I'll just about make it."

At noon, in the preserve lodge, we had enjoyed a feast featuring fried ham, hot homemade biscuits and red-eye gravy. Then we relaxed a few minutes in easy chairs as a cheery blaze crackled in the brick fireplace, its warmth matching the congenial, hospitable atmosphere of the lodge.

That afternoon I was to bag, and miss several more quail and chukar, and an old ringnecked pheasant was to out-

I LIKE SHOOTING PRESERVES

By BILL COCHRAN
Roanoke



businesslike precision.

"She's a young one. We're still training her. I want you to see what she'll do," Frank told me.

Lou is a strong dog with fire in her heart. She cut the cold air tirelessly with ever-searching nostrils.

Our first game didn't come easily, but when it did Lou handled it with style. We had worked a couple of hundred yards along the contour of the hill when Lou suddenly struck hot scent and skidded into a long, low point.

"She's got one, maybe a covey," Frank said.

Somewhere, Lou was telling us, a bird hid in the cover directly to our front.

I moved in with gun ready. As I eased past the dog my nerves tingled and my reflexes were taut. It was a little like walking through cover where you know a bomb is hiding, ticking and ready to go off.

Then came the expected, yet somehow always unexpected, thrill-loaded flush. A quail roared out of the grass and jetted toward the hilltop.

I found myself just looking at the whirring form for a couple seconds, then I smacked the stock of my shotgun

smart me.

Let me say right here, I like shooting preserves. I think they supplement our natural hunting in a fine way. I think there is a growing need for them in our state. In short, they offer some great sport. I wish I had the means to hunt them more often.

Shooting preserves are privately owned holdings where artificially propagated game is released and sportsmen are charged so much per bird bagged or per day for hunting. Preserves are in business to make money, and there are certain artificial aspects to the sport they provide.

Time was when you mentioned preserves, there would be considerable hooting and hollering from some sportsmen who claimed such hunting to be unrealistic. Admittedly, to a great number of hunters, preserve shooting can never take the place of wild bird hunting. But in the face of declining wild quail cover available to the public and a growing number of freshly printed posted signs, preserves are proving they have a valuable place in the overall hunting picture. Degrading comments about them are voiced

(Continued on page 16)

A TANNED, pipe-smoking Botetourt County native has started a service that may be a first for Southwest Virginia.

Rufus Eubank, 42, is hiring out as a professional fishing guide on the vast Smith Mountain Lake, which has a 500-mile shoreline in Bedford, Campbell, Franklin and Pittsylvania Counties.

Eubank is the lake's first full-time guide. He caters to out-of-staters, and his customers already include people from Ohio, New York, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Harrier of Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, are typical of the clients Eubank has guided. Harrier is alumni secretary for Lehigh University at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He and his wife were camping for a week on the Bedford County side of the lake, and learned about Eubank through their son-in-law, who lives in Lynchburg.

The Harriers engaged Eubank for a day's fishing, and were pleased with the resulting string of largemouth bass.

Eubank, who has been guiding since mid-February, works out of Saunders Marina.

He likes to recount the experience of two of his first clients—a woman and her young son from New York. Neither had fished a great deal. But before their association with Eubank was over, they not only had learned the ropes but had their limits of largemouths to prove it.

Eubank got his first taste of fishing in the James River near Buchanan when he was about six years old. His father, Earl, was an old hand at fishing the James for bass and channel catfish—and his enthusiasm rubbed off on the boy.

Hearing about the fabulous fishing in Smith Mountain Lake three years ago, the father-son team began visiting the reservoir regularly. They liked what they found, and Rufus determined to get nearer to the action.

He did, moving his family to Route 1, Moneta—only a stone's throw from the lake—so he could visit it daily. That was well over a year ago, and there are few places on the impoundment that are foreign to him now.

"Since I knew the lake well, and liked it so much," Eubank explains, "I figured I could help a lot of the out-of-staters coming here." Therefore, he hung out his shingle—as it were—as a guide. Jimmy Saunders of Saunders Marina was perfectly willing for Eubank to use the marina as a base of operations.

The experience has been mutually beneficial, since Eubank's clients often rent boats and purchase supplies at the marina. His fee is \$15 a day, exclusive of boat, bait and other accessories. This charge often is augmented by handsome tips. They have ranged from \$5 to \$10. Once, two doctors from Roanoke tipped him \$10 each.

Once clients are aboard, Eubank heads for a predestined area to seek fish. He varies the places, depending upon the time of the year and where the fish might be hitting best. He has a half-dozen or so hot spots that he calls on about every third day.

Eubank doesn't pretend to know-it-all, but he does feel it's part of his job to advise his clients what lures to use. He sometimes tells them how to do it, and will make his own lures available if the customer so desires. He tells his guests to set the hooks immediately when a bass strikes. This applies especially when plastic worms are used.

One client expressed his thanks for the advice about worms. He said that he had been following the recommendations of a fishing expert in a national magazine who said to let the bass run with the worms before setting the hook. But after this man tried it Eubank's way—and hooked more

A Helping Hand



By OZZIE WORLEY
Roanoke

Pennsylvanian Harrier shows off three "keeper" bass caught early in the day.



bass—he forsook the expert.

One of the most successful parties Eubank has guided came from West Virginia. They fished one day from only 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., and caught 35 bass, all of which weighed between 3 and 3½ pounds.

The best single fish landed by a Eubank client was a 4-pound, 9-ounce largemouth. It was reeled in by an Ohio man. Another customer caught a 22-inch rainbow trout under Eubank's tutelage.

His longest engagement was for a solid week. That was the time that the New York woman and her son were in his tow.

He has some pretty firm convictions about fishing (in addition to his advice on lures). Foremost, he believes that a fisherman should have a good time. He won't have any truck, though, with people who go overboard on the drinking bit. "If a customer showed up drunk, I wouldn't take him out," declares Eubank, "since this lake is no place to be fogged-up on."

He is not opposed to his customers' using live bait. Nor is he averse to fishing with them—if they want help in filling their stringers. "Most tell me to go ahead and join in," he said, adding that this might help them get more bragging material once they are back home.

Eubank has caught some very good fish, too. He is one of the few anglers to land a muskellunge in the lake. It was under the 26-inch keeper size and he naturally threw it back. He had another muskie on—using a topwater lure—

but it escaped.

Early this spring, Eubank was credited with saving the lives of two men on the lake. Their pontoon boat was on fire when he came upon the scene in his boat. One man was swimming near the disabled boat; the other man was clinging to the burning craft. Eubank rescued them both.

His fees from guiding help augment a pension he receives from the Marines. He was wounded in the Bougainville fighting during World War II.

After leaving the service, he lived in Maine for six years. He fished and boated a lot there, and says he picked up some of the ideas he puts into practice on Smith Mountain Lake.

His family likes the water—and fishing—too. His 12-year old son already has learned to mount fish, and has an example of his handiwork hanging on the wall at Saunders Marina.

Another son, 17-year-old Dale, is following in his Dad's footsteps closely. "That boy can catch fish on plugs that fail for me," Eubank is proud to point out. Should there be more demand for a guide than he can handle next year, he is considering buying a boat for Dale and putting him in the business.

Among the odds and ends that Eubank has made note of since becoming a guide is that more and more women are taking up fishing. He provides them—and male clients, as well—with a service they appreciate at the end of the day. He cleans all of the fish that have been caught.

Mrs. Harrier watches husband and guide Eubank work a small cove.



COMMISSION-OWNED LAKES:

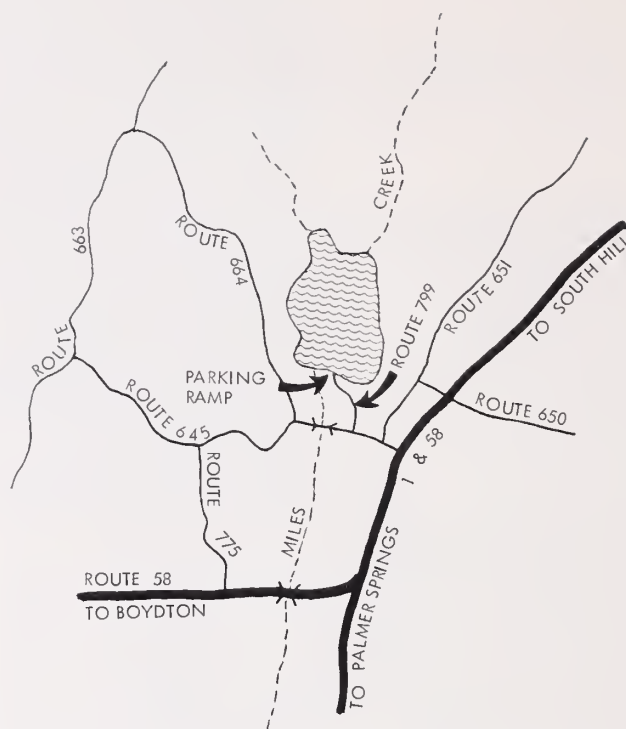
Lake Gordon

By H. L. GILLAM
Information Officer

LOCATED in the shadow of Buggs Island and Gaston Lakes, 157-acre Lake Gordon boasts a good population of warm-water game fish that is largely overlooked by the present generation of anglers. The lake is located just north of the point where U. S. 58 splits from U. S. 1 headed west. It is most easily reached by turning west off U. S. 1 and 58 onto Route 644, then north on Route 799 which leads to the lake.

When the lake was built in 1949, the lake basin was not cleared of standing timber. The upper end is a forest of dead snags and much of the rest of the lake shore features big log jams and sunken logs. The fish find these conditions ideal, but the logs and snags are sometimes frustrating to the fishermen. The lake also has extensive water lily beds. Lake Gordon has a good to excellent population of large-mouth bass and good numbers of pickerel, crappie and sunfish. April and May are the best bass months but some good fall bass fishing is to be enjoyed in September and October. Chain pickerel fishing begins to pick up in October and November and reaches its peak in March and April. The lake offers good crappie fishing in both spring and fall. Bluegill fishing is good in late spring and summer months.

There is a boat-launching ramp, where private boats may be put in, and a parking lot. There are no boats for rent and no food or bait available at the lake. Bait and supplies may be picked up in nearby South Hill or at boat docks on Buggs Island Lake. Except for a couple of dozen anglers who may come out on a good day in April or May, the lake is fished by a mere handful of fishermen.



Lake Gordon supports one of the best small lake bass populations in southside Virginia, but crowds of fishermen like those in this opening day scene have deserted it for the big waters of Buggs Island and Gaston.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News ... At A Glance

OCTOBER 13 DEADLINE FOR BACK BAY BLIND RESERVATIONS. Applications for reserved dates on the Commission's Trojan and Pocahontas Waterfowl Areas at Back Bay during the coming waterfowl season will be accepted through October 13. A drawing will be held October 26 to determine which hunters get first choice of dates.

Application forms can be obtained from the Game Commission's Richmond office. Each application submitted must be accompanied by the \$3.00 blind fee. Hunters on the Pocahontas Area will have to pay an additional \$20 guide fee on the day of the hunt. Blinds on both areas can accommodate up to 3 hunters each. Both areas will be open daily except Sundays from November 18 through January 12.

After choice dates are assigned by the drawing, other available dates will be booked on a first come--first served basis. Hunters on the Trojan Area must furnish their own boat and decoys, but on the Pocahontas area the Commission provides guide, boat and decoys for the \$23 package price.

VPI FISH RESEARCH BEGINS IN SMITH MOUNTAIN AREA. The newly organized Cooperative Fisheries Research Unit at VPI has begun a series of fisheries research projects on the Smith Mountain-Leesville complex involving the striped bass and the effects of such pumped storage installations on fishing and fish production, according to Unit Leader Ken Cumming. Charles O'Rear, a PhD candidate, is studying the effects of dissolved copper and zinc on the spawning and growth of rockfish below Leesville Dam. He will be working closely with Game Commission fisheries biologists in the spring when the big stripers come up the river to spawn. Samples of eggs and fry will be taken periodically to measure survival and growth.

Don Estes, Assistant Unit Leader and a PhD candidate, will be studying the water interchange between Smith Mountain and Leesville in an effort to determine the effects of these fluctuating water levels and currents on fish growth, distribution and angling success. Invisible dyes which can be detected electronically but not by the human eye will be used to determine the extent of intermixing as the water passes back and forth between the two lakes. Nets will be used to take samples of the fish populations in these areas of water fluctuation to determine distribution and food habits.

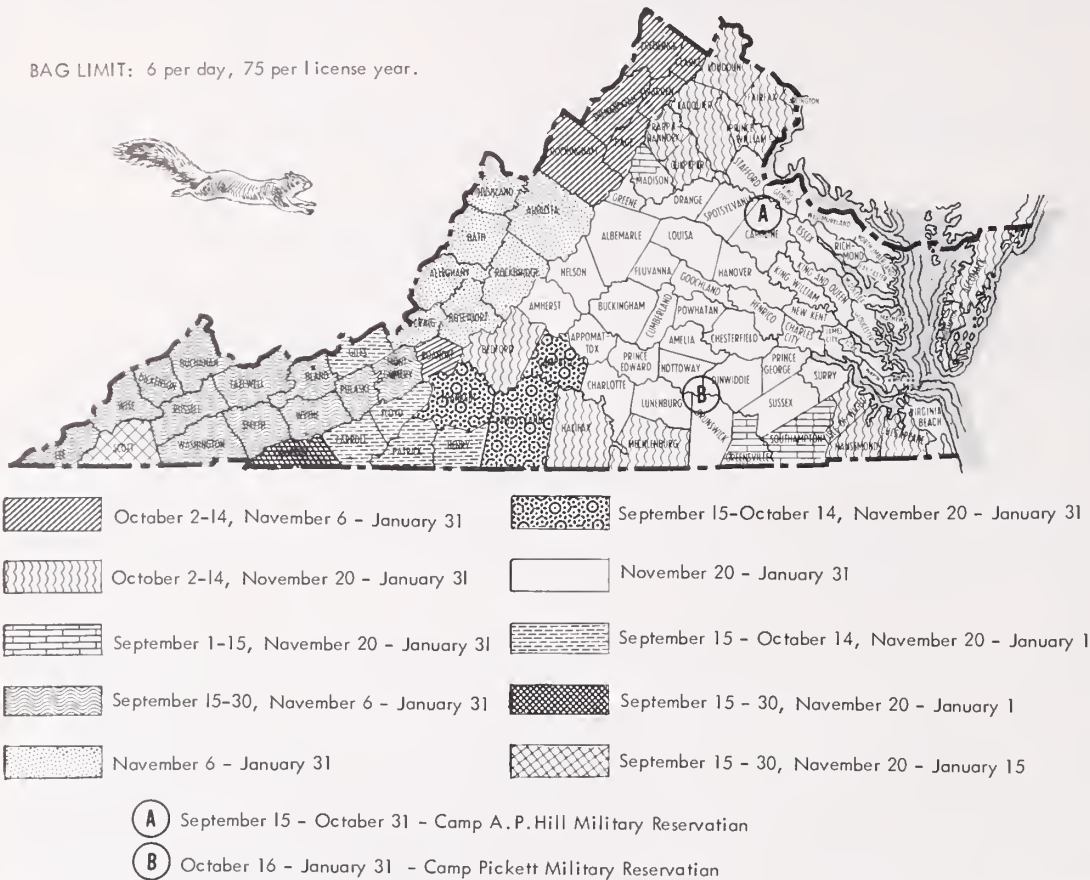
Robert Schneider, an MS candidate, is attempting to determine what causes fishes from the lake to concentrate in the area immediately above Smith Mountain Dam where the water is pumped in from Leesville Lake. There could be some chemical or biological enrichment of the water taking place making food more abundant or the cooler waters from the lower lake could be the attraction. Whatever the answer, it may provide clues to how fish could be concentrated or increased elsewhere in the lake. He will be skin diving in the area to observe fish movements and taking samples with nets to determine what the fish are eating.

COMMISSION SETS WATERFOWL SEASON. The Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries selected a 50 day duck season and a 70 day goose season for the state. The duck season will open November 18 and close January 6 with a daily bag limit of 3 birds. Goose season was set to begin November 4 and close January 12 with 2 Canadas permitted as the daily bag. Bonus scaup shooting proposed again for Chesapeake Bay and the Eastern Shore would allow hunters in these specified areas to take two scaup in addition to their daily bag limit of other ducks.

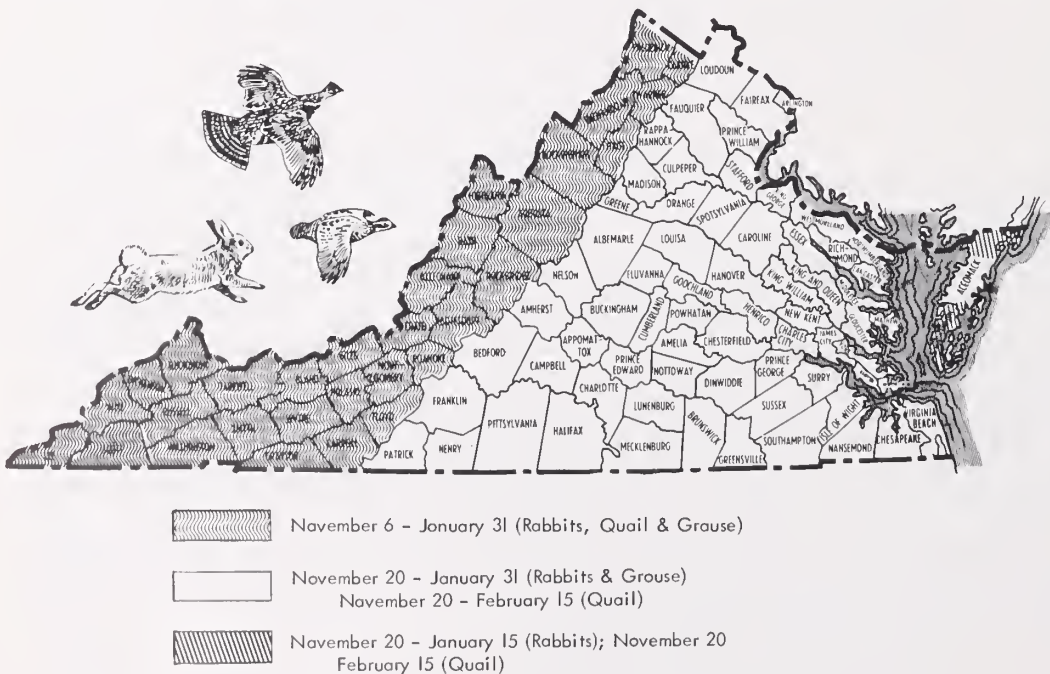
The bag limit on canvasbacks was further restricted, allowing hunters to have only 1 in the daily bag of 3 ducks and 1 in possession. Black ducks were added to the restricted list with hunters permitted no more than two in the daily bag and four in possession. The daily limit of 2 wood ducks remains unchanged. Bag limits on brant, mergansers, coots and sea ducks were the same as those in effect last year. Gallinules were included in the duck season for the first time with a daily limit of 15.

1967-68 Squirrel Seasons and Limits

BAG LIMIT: 6 per day, 75 per license year.



1967-68 Rabbit, Grouse and Quail Seasons and Limits



1967

1967

8 Turkey Seasons and Limits



November 6 - December 16 -- Two of either sex per license year

November 20- December 2 -- Two of either sex per license year

November 20 -December 2-- Two gobblers per license year

November 20 - January 31 --Two gobblers per license year

Not open for fall turkey shooting

MORE THAN ONE TURKEY MAY BE TAKEN IN ANY ONE DAY.

8 Bear Seasons and Limits



November 13 - December 23

BAG LIMIT

1 per license year (over 75 pounds live weight).

November 6 - January 5

November 10 - January 5

October 2 - November 30

November 20 - January 5

BIG GAME KILL

County or City	1964-65 Deer Bear Turkey			1965-66 Deer Bear Turkey			1966-67 Deer Bear Turkey		
Accomack	62			62			52		
Albemarle	383	22	31	240	28	16	296	2	72
Alleghany	581	15	140	585	10	199	664	14	147
Amelia	303		61	193		85	251		106
Amherst	254	11	41	257	14	30	234	3	73
Appomattox	107		24	85		25	124		37
Augusta	1,254	44	263	1,317	43	210	1,266	14	223
Bath	1,387	6	442	1,509	6	511	1,818	8	453
Bedford	37	6	17	62	9	15	70	4	34
Bland	218	6		223	4		236		
Botetourt	551	7	158	660	16	143	675	9	200
Brunswick	154		25	115		36	144		30
Buckingham	810			427			533		166
Campbell	22		12	28		9	37		12
Caroline	1,258		50	968		58	502		76
Carroll	43			42			51		
Charles City	586			157			209		1
Charlotte	36		25	32		31	24		36
Chesterfield	328		41	194		45	227	2	91
Clarke	104			91			89		
Craig	707	7	192	885	7	140	950	10	186
Culpeper	50			47			61		15
Cumberland	460		63	238		18	260		9
Dickenson	14			20			24		
Dinwiddie	371		31	227		57	261		58
Essex	165			157			89		10
Fairfax	20			15	1		14		4
Fauquier	214		32	175		33	188		64
Floyd	64			55			30		
Fluvanna	541		29	236		12	326		41
Franklin	65			66			67		
Frederick	500		92	556		99	540		103
Giles	542	7	107	616	5	48	558	1	87
Gloucester	286			120			89		
Goochland	197		12	114		10	150		35
Grayson	382			399			333		
Greene	47	7		23	4		43	9	
Greensville	328			175			416		
Halifax	77		22	28		25	37		25
Hanover	137		2	79			104		
Henrico	82			46			34		
Henry	8			4			2		
Highland	566	10	269	677	8	369	717	2	305
Isle of Wight	483			506			389		
James City	334			152			175		
King & Queen	256		17	262		26	190		32
King George	420			437			266		
King William	377			470			178		
Lancaster	538			631			293		
Lee	36			59			36		
Loudoun	104			95			111		17
Louisa	245		36	138		33	144		69
Lunenburg	89		17	49		19	55		17
Madison	15	12		30	17		37	2	
Mathews	83			23			26		
Mecklenburg	57			22			46		5
Middlesex	118			49			49		
Montgomery	18		145	11		82	13		116
Nansemond	484	11		477	6		495	6	
Nelson	127	12	40	144	10	21	97	1	46
New Kent	570		5	153		5	205		
Newport News-Hampton	172			111			49		
Norfolk									
(Chesapeake)	763	7		626	9		526	6	
Northumberland	366			430			242		
Nottoway	141		18	121		27	175		29
Orange	55		24	40		18	78	1	34
Page	279			296	2		309	2	37
Patrick	257			242			249		
Pittsylvania	36		10	64		7	63		12
Powhatan	315		27	175		49	219		69
Prince Edward	61		19	59		26	53		33
Prince George	420		17	210		27	253		39
Prince William	296		40	184		42	147		88
Princess Anne (Va. Beach)	60			73		1	62		
Pulaski	149	2		170			185		
Rappahannock	74	3		82	3		149	4	
Richmond	353			359			169		
Roanoke	11			8	1	22	3		28
Rockbridge	477	7	293	603	8	204	624	8	277
Rockingham	1,273	41	114	1,427	22	93	1,423	10	92
Russell	6			10			6		
Scott	137			148			93		
Shenandoah	820	3	147	787	2	142	875	1	139
Smyth	451	1		437	4		376		
Southampton	1,384			1,447			1,211		
Spotsylvania	177		51	96		41	128		59
Stafford	496		27	374		19	246		56
Surry	920		13	835		1	586		
Sussex	780		25	926			735		
Tazewell	91	5		87	5		60		
Warren	340	1		375			367		46
Washington	172			154			159		
Westmoreland	162			138			65		
Wise	71			37			31		
Wythe	401	6		349	2		335	3	
York	541			590			305		
TOTALS	31,162	259	3,266	27,983	246	3,129	26,156	122	4,039

Turkey harvest figures do not include spring kills.

less each year.

Well operated preserves across the state appear to become more popular every season, and there are several good reasons why.

Preserves are offering sportsmen easier hunting, longer seasons, more shooting, bigger bag limits and a better variety of game—all this close to home and at a price most sportsmen can afford at least once or twice a year.

One thing that is making preserves more acceptable is the fact that their operators are working hard to please customers—which they must do to stay in business. Successful preserves are providing hunters with several high quality benefits: the birds are wild, the setting is natural and pleasing, the dogs are well trained and the sport is realistic.

Preserves are proving especially popular with city-living professional and business men—sportsmen who can't find much time for public hunting and who want to be sure of a couple of hours of fast sport when they do get out.

Generally, shooting preserves work this way: you make reservations to hunt at an appointed time. You tell the operator what type birds you desire to shoot. Most preserves offer the choice of quail, ring-necked pheasants and chukar. Some specialize in mallard hunting.

When you arrive at the preserve, you will be furnished a guide and dogs. You may bring your own dog at some preserves if you wish. It should be a controllable, close-in hunter. Charge for the whole package, including guide, dogs and a limit of birds is normally \$20.00 to \$30.00.

There is no legal bag limit. Generally the package price includes a bag of eight quail or five chukar or three pheasants. Some hunters like to mix their limit with several type birds. Any game shot above the packaged limit is paid for at an extra set fee. The hunting season for Virginia pre-

Hunters compare male and female ringnecked pheasants. Pheasants are legal game only on shooting preserves.



serves is October 1 through March 31.

After lunch, Frank and I had begun working our way up a hillside near where a large oak tree stands. Like most successful preserve operators, Frank carries out good game management practices. He plants patches of food and cover which not only attract wild birds, but provide for more natural hunting and offer his pen-raised birds food and cover when released.

Under the big oak which projected upward into the blue sky, Lou started making game. "I think this might be a pheasant," Frank told me.

I was using No. 8 shot for quail, so I slipped them out and loaded No. 7½ shells, the largest I had. Even they were a little small. Frank recommends No. 5 or No. 6 shot for pheasants.

"Hurry," Frank urged. "I don't know how long that pheasant will hold."

We spotted the male ringneck on the hillside trying to slip into deeper cover. He had the reddest head I ever saw. It was as red as a sun-ripened strawberry, red as a stop sign, red as blood.

Lou handled the bird well. She would creep forward a few steps at a time and, with head high, would freeze again.

The pheasant soon had enough. It leaped into the air, its big wings carrying it away fast.

It was a large target, an easy target. I fired and we could see its feathers fan ever so slightly with the hit, but it didn't fall. It didn't even change stride. I was so surprised I didn't think about shooting a second time. The bird's big wings carried it over the hill, over a fence and then apparently over another hill.

"We'll go after him in a few minutes," Frank said, "but let's finish hunting out this cover." We flushed several more quail, each impressing me with its speed and ability to withstand shot. I added several to my bag and missed some.

I also dropped a fat chukar. The chukar is a bird just slightly smaller than our native grouse. Its plumage is a combination of pale slaty-blue and tan, and its bill, legs and feet are bright vermilion. It is a native of India and China and has been introduced into the western states with



Quail zips out of cover offering speedy target.

some success. The chukar is somewhat slow to flush, but is fast on the wing, offering no easy target despite the fact it is twice the size of a bobwhite.

We searched long and hard for the ringneck that escaped, prying into briarpatches, wading a swamp and looking everywhere we thought a pheasant might hide, but we were never able to uncover him.

"You'll have to come back and we'll go pheasant hunting again," Frank urged. He didn't have to twist my arm. I like shooting preserves.

Relaxing in pleasant preserve lodge after successful hunt.



Autumn in Dismal Swamp

(Continued from page 8)

because Elinor White—who later became his wife—had seemed to reject the little book of four poems he had had printed especially for her. He overreacted dramatically to her casualness, packed a bag, left home without telling anyone, went by train to Boston and New York, where he took a steamer to Norfolk.

His walk from Norfolk to Deep Creek and thence by wagon road along the Canal to Northwest Lock should, even in those days, have been more a test of endurance than of courage. If Thompson is right in suggesting that Frost "was trying to throw his life away, as a kind of retaliation against Elinor's treatment," it could have been accomplished more expeditiously by plunging into the swamp than by clinging to the narrow dirt and plank path—now U. S. 17—which he followed in the moonlight until he came to a boat being raised in Northwest Lock and paid a dollar for passage to Elizabeth City. Actually, the rest of his trip, accidentally to the Outer Banks, and riding the rails north was more adventurous.

After the Civil War small black horned cattle were released in the swamp. They became "extremely wild and when hunted often dangerous to sportsmen." The 1888-89 United States Geological Survey report by J. W. Powell referred to the "bellowing of horned cattle in combat between bulls and bears." As for bears, that report estimated about 200 a year were killed.

Black bear still live in the swamp, but fewer and fewer hunters bring back such trophies.

Commission photo by Tuttle



In spring, summer and winter, the swamp offers relative isolation from the buffeting world. Only fall brings some influx of hunters. There was a time, however, when there was a good deal of what might, euphemistically, be called "social" activity in the swamp.

For a hectic season just before the Civil War there was a hotel called the Lake Drummond Lodge on the northwest shore of the lake. In his feature article in *The Commonwealth* (May 1961) Don Hill refers to this hostelry as "a cheap and tawdry place of entertainment."

More durable and more notorious still was the establishment, astride the Virginia-North Carolina line, on the canal road that eventually became, in 1925, the George Washington Highway. This resort was known variously as the Lake Drummond Hotel, the Half-Way House and the Line House. It was a stage-coach stop, a convenient hide-out, dueling ground and gambling spot. An advertisement of 1830 was promoting it as "calculated to render facilities for matrimonial and duelistical engagements."

As Charles A. Stewart put it delightfully in his memoirs, *Around the Edge of the Great Dismal* (1942): "Fugitives from Virginia rested as contentedly on the North Carolina side as did North Carolina fugitives on the Virginia side."

No, the Dismal Swamp is not as wild in many ways as it used to be,—except for the mosquitoes that seem to be every bit as fierce as those that reminded William Byrd of the insect plagues in ancient Egypt.

Commission gets 1968 "new look"

Retirement of J. Cargill Johnson, who served his last year on the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries as its Chairman, resulted in a new face and a reorganization at the Commission's first regular meeting of the new fiscal year. Having served two successive six-year terms as a Commission member, Johnson was not eligible for reappointment. Here are the men involved in the Commission's "new look" for 1967-68.



Left: M. Gardner Smith of 155 Yearly Drive, Newport News, was appointed by Governor Godwin to replace J. Cargill Johnson on the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. Mr. Smith is a business executive who has been active in many civic enterprises in the Peninsula area. He has been an active participant in practically all kinds of hunting and fishing for many years, and a member of various sportsmen's organizations, national, state and local.

O'Neal's Studio of Portraiture, Newport News

Right: The newly elected Commission Chairman is J. C. Aaron, of Martinsville, who was recently reappointed to begin a new six-year term as a member of the Commission. He served as Vice-Chairman last year.

Commission photo by Harrison



Left: Filling the vacancy created by the elevation of last year's Vice-Chairman to the Chairmanship, A. Ree Ellis of Waynesboro was elected Vice-Chairman by his fellow Commission members at their mid-summer meeting.

Commission photo by Harrison



Bird

of the

Month:

Brant

By DR. J. J. MURRAY
Lexington

TWO species of brant have been recorded on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. According to Captain Crumb, formerly of the Coast Guard station on Cobb Island, one or two black brant, a western species, were shot at the island each winter around sixty years ago. There are no recent Virginia records for that species. The brant (*Branta bernicla*), however, is again quite common on the ocean side of the Eastern Shore, after a long period of decline in numbers.

E. O. Mellinger, Refuge Manager at Chincoteague at the time, estimated about 20,000 wintering there during the seasons of 1952-53 and 1953-54. The numbers, according to F. R. Scott, do not seem to run to more than half that many now, but this still is a good supply. The species is present at Chincoteague from early October to the middle of May, with occasional stragglers, probably crippled birds, in summer.

In Maryland, according to an excellent book which every Virginia bird student should have, *Birds of Maryland and the District of Columbia*, by Robert E. Stewart and Chandler S. Robbins, this goose is common in the coastal areas, with counts up to 10,000, and regular in tidewater areas along the Chesapeake Bay side of the Eastern Shore.

The brant is seen in small numbers up the Potomac to below Washington, up the James to Curles Neck, and in fair numbers at Lynnhaven Inlet. Its abundance seems to be connected with the eel grass, on which it loves to feed. The rise or fall in abundance of eel grass brings a rise or fall in the numbers of the brant.

The brant, formerly known as the American brant, breeds along the arctic coasts of eastern North America and western Europe. It winters on our Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to North Carolina, rarely to Florida, and on the Atlantic coast of Europe to France.

It is a handsome little goose. Male and female are alike. The head and neck and upper breast are black, with white speckles on the side of the neck. The back is brownish, the sides lighter. The brant averages about two-thirds the size of a Canada goose.

In earlier times these birds were mercilessly hunted. Not a wary bird, it commonly returned to the spot where its companions had been brought down. Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson once lay in a battery near Cape Hatteras in North Carolina and watched a nearby hunter shoot about 50 brant in four hours. This huge kill was such a normal occurrence that it drew no particular notice from other nearby market hunters. Now, of course, there are strict limits.



Edited by HARRY GILLAM

Nelson Phelps Named Game Warden of the Year



Nelson Phelps, state game warden stationed in Nottoway County, has been named Virginia Game Warden of the Year. As recipient of this honor he went to the Southeastern Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners meeting in New Orleans, Louisiana, where he was given special recognition along with wardens from other southeastern states.

Nelson began work with the Commission in 1953, and with the 45,198-acre Camp Pickett military area as part of his territory, he has been involved in every phase of game and fish management work. Phelps was in on the ground floor when the cooperative wildlife management agreement was drawn up for the area in 1956, and much of the recreation which thousands now enjoy each year can be traced to his diligent efforts.

In addition to his management and enforcement duties at Pickett, Phelps supervises one of two tractor loan projects, which aids in establishing from 400 to 750 one-eighth acre wildlife food plots in Nottoway County each year. Nelson is a shrewd investigator and has broken many tough cases involving spotlighters and other wildlife outlaws.

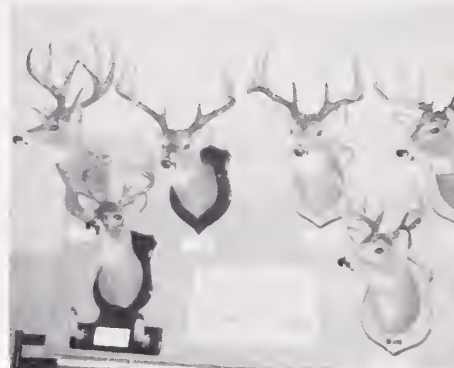
Besides keeping up with his heavy management and enforcement schedule, Nelson finds time to help with the annual local young people's fishing contest and to work actively with Boy and Girl Scout groups. He has done much to promote hunter safety training for the

area's youth, and each year he visits schools in the area to promote the Wildlife Essay Contest.

Nelson is active in the Blackstone Ruritan Club and the Blackstone Methodist Church. His abilities as an outdoor chef are much sought after by these groups and by local sportsmen's clubs. His specialties are Brunswick stew and barbecued chicken.

Nelson resides with his wife, Hettie, in Blackstone. They have two married daughters.

Rappahannock Yields Fine Trophies



These six fine deer heads were taken by members of the Flint Hill Hunt Club in Rappahannock County in the fall of 1966. The winner of the club's "Big Deer" contest is not among them as it was still at taxidermist when this photo was taken. This exhibit board was on display along with the Game Commission exhibit at the Flint Hill Carnival.

Minister Downs Big Gobbler



The Reverend Edward Parrish, Jr., of Dunnsville, proudly displays an 18 pound gobbler which he bagged during the gobbler season last spring. The big turkey was killed in Essex County.

New State Record Brown

Angler Lonnie Frazier of Martinsville set a new state record for brown trout with an 11 pound 4 ounce taken from Philpott Lake in early August.

Angler Stages Repeat Performance



Angler Jimmy Halley, who coaches track at Culpeper High School when he isn't fishing, hooked and landed the 11 pound largemouth on the right this spring from the same secret fishing hole in Louisa County where he landed the 12 pounder above, which held the state record for a few months in 1966. He used the same outfit and lure, and caught the second fish from the exact same spot and within a week of the same date.



The hunter often deludes himself and buries his motives. Yet, his ultimate motive in hunting is to kill. All other reasons, however important, are secondary. Remove the conscious intention of shooting something and a hunt is simply a walk in the country.

There are days when that's all the hunter wants—an aimless walk through good scenery. All predators have days like that. The grizzly may find a snowfield to slide on; the otter may play with a pebble. A man may be distracted by fall mushrooms or a patch of blueberries.

But those are exceptional days, even though they are vital to a hunter's experience. For always there must be a gun in the hunting picture, and the possibility of using it with effect. I doubt that any birdless hunter, however lovely the October fields and however fine the dogwork, is quite as happy as if he had made at least one clean double on a covey rise.

It is this death motive that is so indefensible to our critics, and logically so, for the non-hunter may equate hunting only with the death factor—the only aspect of the sport that he understands.

But while killing may be the endpoint of hunting, this death-dealing is so bound with tradition, ethics, and poignant yesterdays that the sport becomes a unique folkway. The emotions attending it are infinitely subtle and personal.

The non-hunter is often unable to comprehend these emotions and is likely to over-simplify hunting. He may regard hunting as a moral offense—a basic irreverence for life. But the veteran hunter, beyond an outspoken love for his sport, has few such clear-cut convictions. His original motives have become fused in a sort of spiritual matrix that defies analysis. He cannot explain hunting's deep appeal. He only knows that hunting is an integral part of his world and spirit, and that neither would be whole without it.

If hunting were a simple act of butchery, there would be few sport-hunters today. It is the host of attendant factors that lift sporthunting beyond mere killing, and invest it with an elemental dignity that is unique.

Ask an old hunter if he goes afield just to kill, and he'll probably sputter with indignation. Ask him, then, why he really hunts. He'll likely stammer like a schoolboy, searching for words and making lame remarks about "being out amongst 'em in prime country,"

and if the hour is late and the company convivial, his eyes will kindle with old dreams and old doings and he will soar off in a long, rambling anecdote that really conveys nothing—except to another hunter.

Yet, such an experienced hunter would never claim that hunting is good for all men—nor that all men are good for hunting.

Hunting has the connotations of vigor and manliness, but such blanket attributes are often as false as the blanket condemnations of the anti-hunters. There are social hunters, bent on bagging an admission ticket to the doggy set. There are dilettantes who dabble at hunting as they dabble at everything else. There are lost men seeking proof of themselves in the field because they have failed to find such proof in business, war or love. There are tiny men who feel larger with guns, and boors who ride rough-shod over common right and decency. Hunters are only men, after all, and they mirror all of men's common failings.

But the individual is overshadowed by the aggregate, and the great faceless American hunter remains one of this nation's strongest and most remarkable natural resources.

This aggregate hunter is a simple man, with simple aims and tastes. He may be an ascetic to a marked degree, and as solid as the rough land he hunts. He is outspoken and quickly roused by intrusions on his rights or privacy. In many ways he is the prototype American, embodying the attributes of a younger nation. He is a citizen who has kept his nationalistic youth in a society that is becoming sophisticated and jaded. He is an anachronism of a sort we should cherish.

Within his own lifetime, this hunter is likely to reflect his own racial history. As a boy with a gun, he may have sought tribal honor by shooting all he could, equating manhood and recognition with the weight of his game bag. Many hunters never grow beyond this.

But with his years afield, the genuine hunter achieves something more than bag limits. He gains a personal tradition, and a measure of freedom that he can find nowhere else. He becomes an unbridled sentimentalist cherishing old guns, old partners, old dogs, old boots, and memories that are burnished a little brighter with each year's telling, and he becomes a walking litany of the "good old days."

He may be immature, as his critics claim, for the real hunter seems to seek

elemental tests that most civilized men try hard to avoid. Such a hunter develops a marked ability to endure stress. In thirty years afield, I have never heard a real hunter whine in the face of physical adversity that he knew he could not change. If Hemingway's "grace under pressure" definition of bravery is valid, then most real hunters are probably brave. In their own parlance, they are "good men to walk the river with." I am also convinced that they can be good men to fight wars beside.

There is no such thing as the stock hero or the stock coward in combat. All men are cowards; all men are brave. Some hunters turn out to be Sergeant Yorks or Joe Fosses. Most of us don't.

But taking men as they come, I'd as soon throw in with a seasoned hunter as anyone else. When bellies are empty and tonight's bed is a muddy pit, the hunter isn't likely to melt with self-pity. Hunger, cold, weariness and uncertainty are old companions, and he knows how to meet them.

He also knows the gun, although this may be less important in a soldier than being able to endure long periods of critical stress. But when a lifelong skill at arms is combined with a stolid ability to endure, there's a first-class fighting man in the making.

I grew up with a shirt-tail cousin who looked like an Apache delinquent and thought like a red fox. If Russ ever held a job in his teens, I never knew of it. He hunted. He didn't contribute much to his community. But, oh, he was a grand rifle shot!

At seventeen he was hickory-tough and tireless, with an infinite capacity to endure. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1942, and wrote home just often enough to reveal that he had been assigned to a sniper unit in the Solomons.

When I saw him again in 1945 he was trained fine as a whiplash, eyes yellow from atabrine and face burned dark by the tropics. He had earned his pay as a sniper for two years and had survived the terrible island campaigns without a scratch, either physical or mental. If any man ever entered his war equipped to survive, it had been Russ.

While he had been hunting along Squaw Creek, a few miles away my friend Cole was working the South Fork of the Skunk, market-hunting rabbits. It was a tough way to turn a dollar, and I've known Cole to walk nearly 40 miles on a winter weekend. He wasn't much of a wing shot, but he

was pure poison in a weedpatch with his .22.

He was apparently just as effective in French hedgerows and German forests. As a rifleman, Cole faced the Wehrmacht from Normandy to Aachen. He endured, and he prevailed.

These are grim attributes of hunting, but it has been my experience that they are valid ones. So long as men practice the art of war, the art of hunting will help school them in the old disciplines of weapons, wits and will.

But the greatest attributes of hunting do not lie in anything as cold and empty as war.

Hunting can develop strange reserves in the men who go afield all their lives—reserves that accrue interest and can be drawn upon in times of spiritual bankruptcy. It develops a fiber of purpose that justifies yesterday's doings and gives substance to tomorrow's.

To the small boy who hides behind the door long after bedtime to eavesdrop on the old hunting yarns, hunting is the promise of manly adventure. To the old man who has hung up his guns, hunting evokes a multitude of lofty days, the shadowy corps of men and beasts that he knew in the quiet places, and the personal tests that he met there.

His sport is often branded as callous, as a childish lack of depth and compassion. For how can a man deliberately kill for pleasure and still profess any reverence for life?

The hunter is ill-equipped to defend himself against such accusations, for he is rarely an intellectual and he rarely "loves" or humanizes animals.

Instead, he allows these creatures the dignity of their own identities. They are simply the wild ones, each endowed with superb gifts for survival, and for the hunter that is enough. His animals do not inhabit enchanted forests, and are not imbued with human virtues and mischiefs. He knows that Chipmy Chipmunk is a vector of tularemia, and that Bambi becomes a swollen-necked fury during the Rutting Moon. He knows that wild creatures have guts and blood, that they starve, that they are ravaged by sweeping epizootics, that they freeze and suffer and die, and that of all the deaths they may die, the hunter-death is infinitely the most merciful. Yet, in knowing the wild ones for what they are, the hunter feels a bond that is less tenderness and tears, and more respect and pride.

The protectionist is inclined to think as a civilized moralist, and observe

lofty motives of compassion. The dedicated hunter is simpler and more direct. In regard to life-taking he may seem to be amoral. However, he kills within a rigid ethical framework, out of a basic need to participate in wildness in a traditional role. And it is not the place of our critics to say that this role is obsolete in modern culture.

As long as wildlife has such enemies as the modern hunter, it hardly needs such friends as the outdoor moralist.

For all his alleged irreverence for life, the hunter has done the most to restore and sustain today's wildlife populations. Without him, it is unlikely that any effective conservation programs would exist today. The hunter himself is directly responsible for the great modern populations of deer, antelope, turkey, pheasant, geese, elk, and a host

blame if wildlife declines, and no credit if it increases.

Brilliant arguments against hunting have been advanced by such thinkers as Albert Schweitzer, who once said that man is really ethical only when he goes out of his way to avoid injury to any living thing.

In his own fashion the modern hunter may be among the most ethical, for the consummate injury to any living thing is extermination. By causing and supporting professional wildlife conservation, it is most unlikely that the modern hunter will ever cause the extinction of another animal species. If anything, he has declared open war on the broad cultural economic factors that threaten wildlife today.

Our good friend Dr. C. H. D. Clarke of the Ontario Department of Lands and



Commission photo by Kesteloo

Hunting can develop strange reserves in men who go afield all their lives—reserves that accrue interest and can be drawn upon in times of spiritual bankruptcy.

of non-game creatures associated with the wildlife habitat that the hunter has caused.

It is inaccurate to say that if it had not been for hunting in the first place, wildlife would never have had to be conserved. America's original wildlife was not spent by the sporthunter. It was decimated by relentless shooting by settlers, by commercial hunters, and by vast changes in the habitat.

Yet, the modern hunter must expect to be criticized, for he has openly assumed responsibility for game species. He is apparently the only one willing to do so. He can expect to receive full

Forests, offers this rebuttal to Dr. Schweitzer:

"Any concept of life that does not comprehend the whole organic cycle is inadequate. The reluctance to accept death, evidently a predominant Schweitzer characteristic, reveals an unseeing devotion to the vital spark. It is death that makes it glow, measure for measure."

Today's hunter will not snuff out that spark. If anything, he will feed and fan it—whatever his motives. And when the spark glows most brightly he will go out on his own as he always has, and let it light his way through the best places of America.

Next time somebody puts the knock on hunters, tell him this:

Tell him that hunters do more for conservation than the rest of the population combined.

It's the hunter and fisherman who ante up \$140,000,000 a year for the support of state fish and game departments. (All 50 of them.)

This money is used to protect all wildlife. (Including hundreds of non-hunted species: Shorebirds, songbirds, owls, hawks—even mammals—that your friend and his family enjoy.)

And that wildlife refuge he took his kids to last summer. Guess who paid for the land?

In fact, wildlife areas paid for by hunters' dollars support more kinds of non-hunted wildlife than game!

Truth is, hunters care enough about wildlife to willingly pick up the tab.

A voice in the wilderness

This concern is nothing new. Hunters and fishermen have been leaders in every major conservation crusade in this century.

Sportsmen were the first to demand that the market shooting which threatened many species of wildlife be stopped. The first to call for season and bag limits.

Fishermen were the first to warn the public of the dangers of water pollution.

Outdoorsmen were the first to complain of the ravages of soil erosion, forest fires, littering and roadside junkyards.

For decades, the sportsman has been a voice in the wilderness calling for conservation programs. And

putting his own money where his mouth is.

Ask your friend if he'd like a tax break

"Everybody wants lower taxes," he'll probably tell you. Then you can tell him that, 30 years ago, hunters and the shooting industry asked to be taxed!

The 11% tax on sporting arms and ammunition has provided more than \$300 million for wildlife management and conservation.

Much of this money has been used for buying land. The hunter might use it two or three times a year. But the rest of the public can enjoy it all year long.

Lower taxes? While the rest of the population was smiling when excise taxes were lifted from a long list of products in 1965, a new generation of hunters insisted that their tax be kept.

The hunter wants to continue to pay for wildlife conservation.

Give your friend a dose of the birds and bees

Tell him the real facts of wildlife. He probably doesn't know that changing farming and forestry practices have more effect on wildlife population than hunting has.

He probably doesn't realize that doves and quail have a 75% annual mortality whether they're hunted or not. If the hunter did not crop the surplus each year, nature would.

Then stop him cold with a hot statistic: Because of scientific game

management, paid for by hunters, many species such as the white-tailed deer are more numerous today than when the Indians were doing all the hunting!

In fact, hunters have actually added species. The ring-necked pheasant, for example, has been around so long that most people think he's a native. What they don't know is that hunters paid to import and propagate these birds. Now we have more than 60 million ringnecks.

Tell him a few more things

Tell your friend that hunters pour \$1.5 billion into the general economy each year. Spend over \$100 million a year developing wildlife habitat on private lands. Spend countless hours planting feed and cover, attending conservation hearings and clean-water conferences, supporting wildlife groups.

Then take a deep breath and ask him what he's doing this weekend. Conservation can always use another friend.



National Shooting Sports Foundation
1075 Post Road, Riverside, Conn. 06878

I want to know more about the hunter and conservation. Please send me free pamphlets.

Name _____

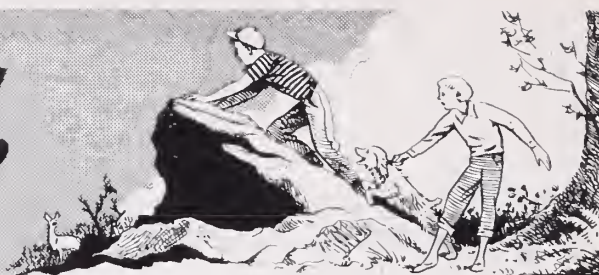
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City _____

State _____ Zip _____



YOUTH AFIELD



Edited by ANN PILCHER

Nothing Fishy About This Perch



Courtesy Elkton Valley Banner

Measuring 15 inches and tipping the scales at 2 lb., 2 oz. is this once healthy perch caught this spring by two young Elkton anglers, Ricky Schuder and David Painter. The youngsters were fishing with the latter's dad, Jack Painter, on the south fork of the Shenandoah River near the bridge in Elkton.

Big Bream



On July 8 eight-year-old David Michael Ballard, of Charlottesville, pulled this 13½" sunfish from a private pond on a spinning rod. Weighing 2 lb. 6 oz. the lunker is only about 4½ ounces shy of the state record.

Crappie, Anyone?



Johnny Mills, aged 6, stands beside a string of crappie he and his dad, State Trooper J. E. Mills, took from Buggs Island Lake with minnows and jigs in about 3 hours fishing time. Johnny landed about half of the catch.

U. S. Fishermen—1965

	Number	
Total U. S. Sport Fishermen	28,348,000	
Licensed	16,806,000	
Not licensed	11,542,000	
Total South Atlantic Anglers (Md., W. Va., Del., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., Fla.)	5,054,000	
U. S.	Freshwater	Saltwater
12-15 yr. old anglers	3,834,000	1,202,000
Total Anglers	23,962,000	8,305,000
16-17 yr. old anglers	1,419,000	395,000

Sport Fishermen and Fishing

The mystery of aquatic life has captivated man from his earliest beginnings. Annually, millions visit our national waterways to fish in all kinds of weather. Angling is a sport for the novice or the wily veteran. No one is likely to forget that first or thousandth quiver of the rod, the sudden strike, the thrash of a catch in the boat's bottom, the glint of sun on colorful scales and distant headlands. These are some of our most satisfying joys.

Sport fishing is enjoyed by most people, but some participate only incidentally, while devoted anglers believe fishing is the highest form of recreation known to man. Many use spinning rod or bait-casting rod; others, a fine fly-rod or simple cane pole or handline, or bow and arrow. But all enjoy the whole experience; not just meat and trophies but sun and fresh air, the birdsong and squirrel's bark, the meditation and the

peace of Ike Walton, or the cold sting of wind and spray in a challenge to the fisherman.

1965 National Survey of
Fishing and Hunting, U.S.D.I.

Carp on Corn



Using canned corn as bait, 13-year-old Frank H. Bates, of Alexandria, took this 23 lb. freshwater citation carp on spinning line, 6 lb. test, while fishing the Virginia side of the Potomac River. Record citation carp to date weighed 36 pounds.

Take a Father Fishing

Photo by Kesteloo



In mid-April when C. W. Jennings gave son Jonathan (right) and friend, John Newman, some angling instructions at a private Chesterfield County pond, his own surprise catch was this 9½ pound, 22½ inch largemouth bass, estimated by a Commission fish biologist to be between seven and nine years old. It was a battle on light tackle—flyrod and 3-pound test leader—but Jennings brought in the bass without benefit of a landing net. The boys were pleased, too, with their good catch of small bream and crappie.

Boy Scouts Assist Beagle Club

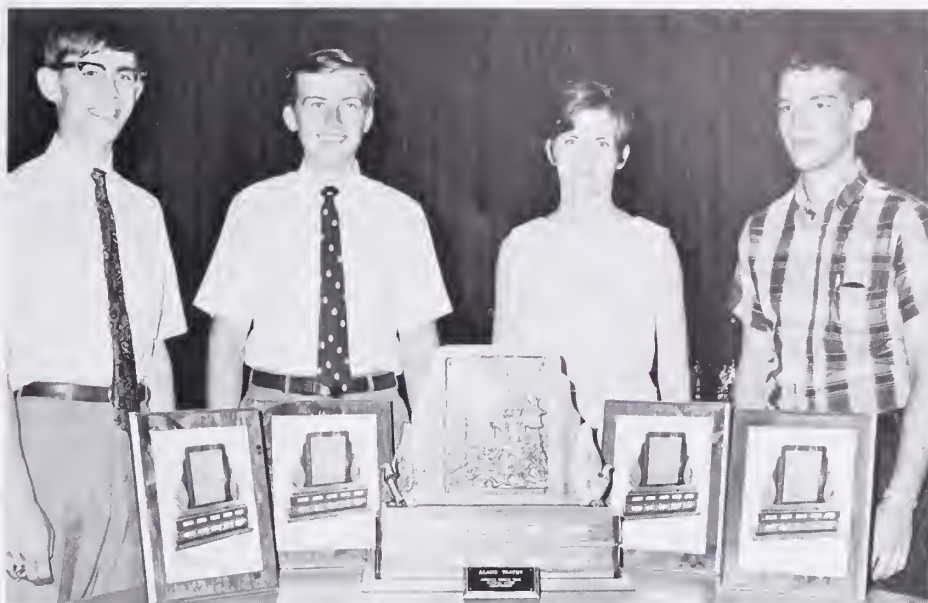
One of the over-all problems of a sportsmen's club has always been to get together work parties to take care of necessary jobs during the off-season months.

Mr. Vince Schindler, of the Fauquier Beagle Club, hit on an excellent idea a few weeks ago. He secured the local Boy Scout club to do the work, under the supervision of the scoutmaster and two or three club members, in clearing underbrush and moving it to open areas to allow better protection for rabbits.

The unique dual purpose was to assist the Boy Scouts in obtaining their Conservation Merit Badges, and at the same time to help the Beagle Club.

This was an all-day Saturday task. During the luncheon break, Carl A. Wiberg, Virginia Wildlife Federation Second Vice-President, gave a short talk on the importance of youth in Virginia's conservation effort.

National Champions



Porter Studios photo, Falls Church

Members of the Acorns Junior Rifle Club's Gold Team, these four individuals are currently the co-holders or holders of twelve individual national junior, women's or civilian small-bore rifle records. From left, they are: John S. Ramsey of Arlington, Ernest Vande Zande and Diana L. Timberlake of Alexandria, and Robert C. Arledge, Jr., of Arlington.

Commission Exhibit Wins First Place Award



First place exhibit (silver cup winner) at the 1967 Fredericksburg Fair was this display by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. At left youthful fairgoers talk with Game Warden Area Patrol Leader Francis C. Boggs, while Field Educational Services Coordinator Darrell A. Ferrell discusses the exhibit with other visitors. Wardens L. R. Buchanan, S. P. Doggett, and D. P. Wirt also assisted in erecting and manning the display, which lasted from August 7-12.

Photo by Daniel V. Poppen, Fredericksburg

The Gold Team of the Acorns Junior Rifle Club of Annandale was declared National Junior Champions and winners of the coveted Alamo Trophy in the 23rd Annual Junior Sectional National 1967 Smallbore Rifle Championships completed in July. The team score of 1563 X 1600 was nine points higher than the second ranking team and established a new junior record for the 160 shot, four position, metallic sight, four-man team event. Over 800 teams throughout the country competed in this event.

Three Acorns also placed high nationally in the individual matches: In the open match Robert C. Arledge, Jr., and Ernest Vande Zande placed third and fourth with scores of 392 X 400 and 391 X 400. In the sub-junior individual match, Mary M. Keys of Springfield was runner-up to the national sub-junior champion with a score of 375 X 400. Over 4,000 individuals competed in these matches.

Another major sectional victory was recorded by the Acorns Club when its sub-juniors, competing with nearly 100 teams, placed second in national sub-junior team competition with a score of 1465 X 1600.

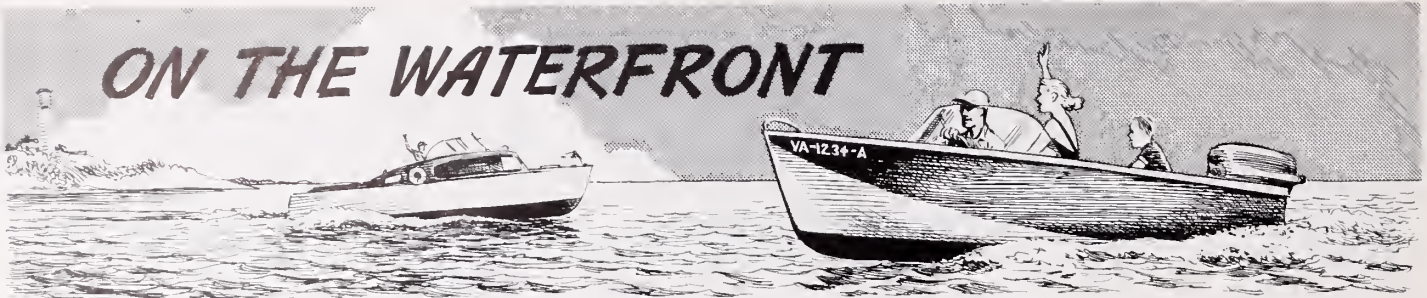
Robert A. Strong of Alexandria was declared the 1967 National winner of the NRA sponsored Boy Scouts of America Explorers Postal Smallbore Rifle Match. His score of 287 X 300 topped 1300 other competitors and entitled Strong to compete in the international Scouting marksmanship event at EXPO 1967 in Montreal.

1967 Virginia All State Rifle Team

The 1967 Virginia All State Collegiate Rifle Team members pictured at top, from left, are Richard C. Hawthorne of Arlington (University of Virginia student); William J. McKelvey, Belleville, Ill. (V.M.I.); Peter G. Kucera, Harrisburg, Pa. (Univ. of Richmond); John G. Balsh, Richmond (V.M.I.). Not pictured is Patton H. Breland, Jr., Houston, Texas (V.M.I.) The 1967 Scholastic Rifle Team members (bottom row) include Roger C. Estes of Arlington (Washington & Lee H. S.); John R. Meyer, Diana Timberlake, and Robert A. Strong—all Alexandria residents attending Fort Hunt High School; and William P. Caruthers of Arlington (Wakefield H. S.). Recently each member of both teams was awarded a silver medal by the Virginia State Rifle and Revolver Association.



ON THE WATERFRONT



Edited by JIM KERRICK

Kids Love Boats

Start them young is good advice to boating parents. Don't let too much parental concern keep you from teaching your youngsters how to operate a boat and motor. You'll be surprised how sensible and skillful your daughter or son will become in a very short time.

There are several factors in favor of early instruction. First, you can't beat boating for wholesome recreation. It's the perfect outlet for youth's abounding energy. You rarely hear of a boy getting into trouble when he's a fishing buff or water-ski enthusiast.

Early instruction also lays the foundation for years of safety afloat. Once learned, the basics will stay with your youngsters. They'll be able to pass them along to their friends, and, someday, they'll even be showing their youngsters the do's and don'ts.

Boating will help establish respect for rules and regulations. When giving instructions, explain the reason behind local rules. When your son is on the water himself, this training will help

him to develop a sense of responsibility and self-reliance.

When a youngster shares in the fun, he should share in the work. Assign routine tasks, such as storing equipment properly. This will instill a respect for property that will carry over into other activities.

In all but a few areas, state boating laws encourage early instruction for youngsters. Even pre-teens can operate outboard boats with proper adult supervision, in all but two states.

In case you're still a little hesitant, listen to these words from a boating safety report made last year: "Teenage hotrodders and youngsters lacking mature judgment are not the serious hazard they frequently are accused of being."

Intoxication Cited As Accident Factor

In some areas of Ontario, intoxication has been reported a major factor in more than 90 percent of all boating accidents investigated.

—*Virginia Traffic Safety News, July 67*

Water Is Life or Death

What is the liquid that we drink, swim, boat and bathe in? We all know if we have too little of it we suffer when our gardens dry up or our wells go dry. Yet too much and we are flooded out of our homes. Men have fought each other to get this liquid into their homes; likewise, they've battled Mother Nature at the edge of rivers and creeks to keep it out of their homes and towns.

While water is the liquid of life it is also a villain called Death. Every year people feel the grip of heartache and suffering, as loved ones die from drowning, or are injured in accidents involving boats.

Some of the safest automobile drivers will lose all respect for safety when they enter a boat. People tend to think that because water is soft there is no danger, but what you can't see around the curve in the road has the same danger as what you can't see under the water in which you are boating.

Unlike an automobile accident where, if you are injured, you can stay in the car or walk away until help arrives, often following a boat accident you have to swim for your life. If you're unconscious but are wearing a life jacket, this will hold your head in the air and out of that liquid death.

Here in Tidewater last year (1966) we averaged about one accident a week during the boating season. In some of the accidents fatalities were the result, while in others only the victim's pride was hurt. A large majority of these accidents occurred as a result of carelessness. In one lake last year a girl was killed when she fell off her skis and was hit by another boat. In the same lake this year a boy was injured when he hit a submerged rock while skiing.

Remember that water is dangerous. If you are around it this year or any year, treat it with the respect it deserves. Let's take the villain called Death out of the water by spoiling its curse with Safety.


—James L. Ogden
Virginia Beach Game Warden



Photo courtesy Evinrude Motors

'66-'67 BIG GAME TROPHY CONTEST

REGIONAL AND STATEWIDE COMPETITION
IN THE FOLLOWING CLASSES:

I Nine points or more	II Seven to eight points
III Six points or less	IV Bow and Arrow
 V Open Bear Division (Statewide only)	



RULES

- 1 Entries to be judged by a method similar to the Boone & Crockett System. No entry form or entry fee required.
- 2 Hunters must furnish proof of legal kill—big game check tag or affidavit from Game Commission.
- 3 Regional competition limited to animals killed in that region during the 1966-67 big game season.
- 4 All entries in state competition to be entered first in regional competition.

- There are no advance entry forms or entry fees. Heads or antlers must be carried or shipped to the proper regional contest where they will be officially measured and entered. Bear skulls only need to be entered in state contest.
- *Prizes* for regional winners
- *Trophies* for first place State winners in each Division
- *plus Honorable Mention Certificates*

The east-west regional dividing line will follow the east-west deer season line in effect the year the entry was killed.

WESTERN REGIONAL CONTEST

October 19, 20, 21
William G. Myers Armory
Harrisonburg, Virginia

For entry details contact
Kermit Dovell
955 South High Street
Harrisonburg, Virginia
(Phone 434-3272)

Sponsored by the
Harrisonburg-Rockingham
County Izaak Walton League

Turkey Contest—Bring tail,
wing and beard for measurement

STATE CONTEST

October 28
Municipal Armory
2900 Warwick Blvd.
Newport News, Virginia

Virginia
Commission of Game and
Inland Fisheries

Only animals first entered
in regional competition are
eligible

EASTERN REGIONAL CONTEST

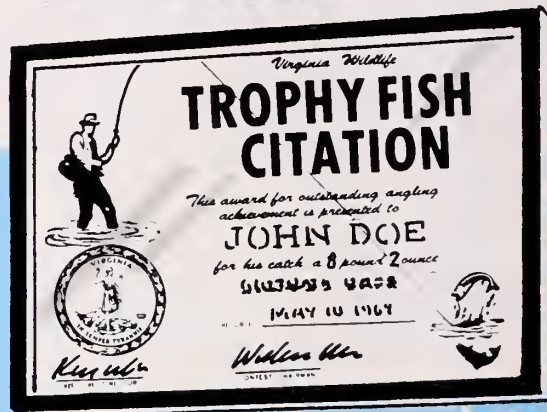
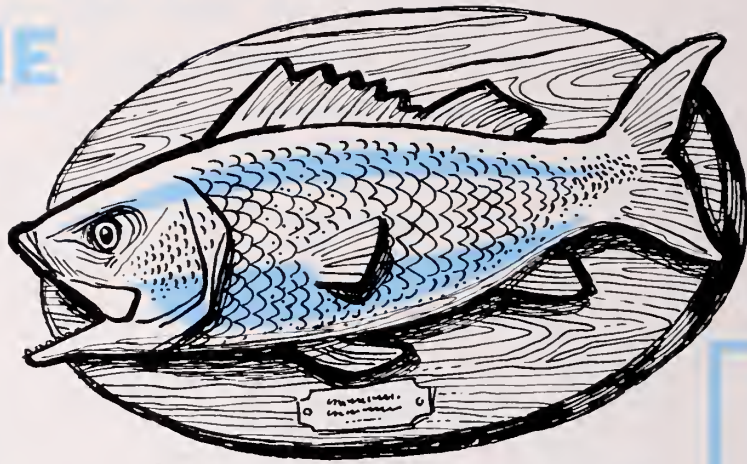
October 28
Municipal Armory
2900 Warwick Blvd.
Newport News, Virginia

For entry details contact
E. N. Vandembree
41 Sinton Road
Newport News, Virginia
(Phone 596-4105)

Sponsored by the
Peninsula Sportsmen's Assn.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT BIG ONE

with a VIRGINIA WILDLIFE TROPHY FISH CITATION . . .



CITATION SIZES FOR 1967

Largemouth Bass	8 lbs.
Smallmouth Bass	4 lbs.
Kentucky Bass	3 lbs.
Sunfish	1 lb.
Rock Bass	1 lb.
White Bass	2 lbs.
Crappie	2 1/2 lbs.
Striped Bass	10 lbs.
Pickrel	4 lbs.
Walleye	8 lbs.
Brook or Brown Trout	2 lbs.
Other Trout	5 lbs.
Muskellunge	6 lbs.
Channel Cat	10 lbs.
Flathead Cat	20 lbs.
Carp	20 lbs.
Gar	10 lbs.
Grindle	10 lbs.

RULES:

Fish must be caught in Virginia Waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be weighed at a public scales that is periodically inspected by the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of authenticity but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Applications must be submitted within 60 days of the date of catch to be eligible.



APPLICATION FOR VIRGINIA FRESHWATER FISH CITATION

Angler's Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Kind of fish _____ Weight _____ lbs. _____ oz.; Length _____ inches
 Where caught _____ Date caught _____
 Weighed at _____ (store or other public scales)
 Weighing witnessed by _____
 Signature _____
 How caught—Fly Rod ☐ Spinning Rod ☐ Cast Net ☐
 Trot Line ☐ Other _____

COMMISSION OF GAME AND INLAND
 P. O. BOX 1642 • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

HOW TO
MEASURE:

